Trip's Strip

Walt Disney

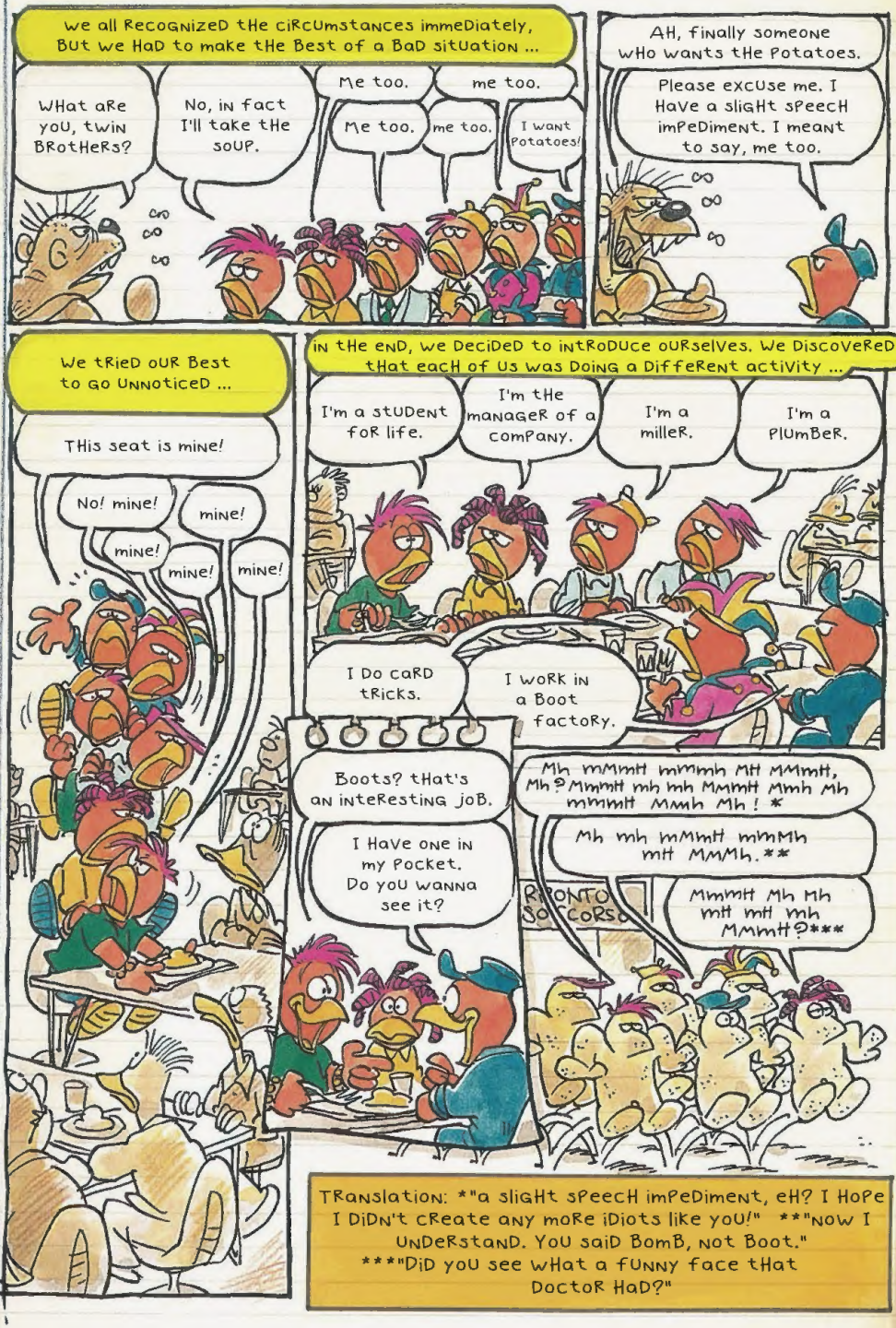
an ego in a haystack

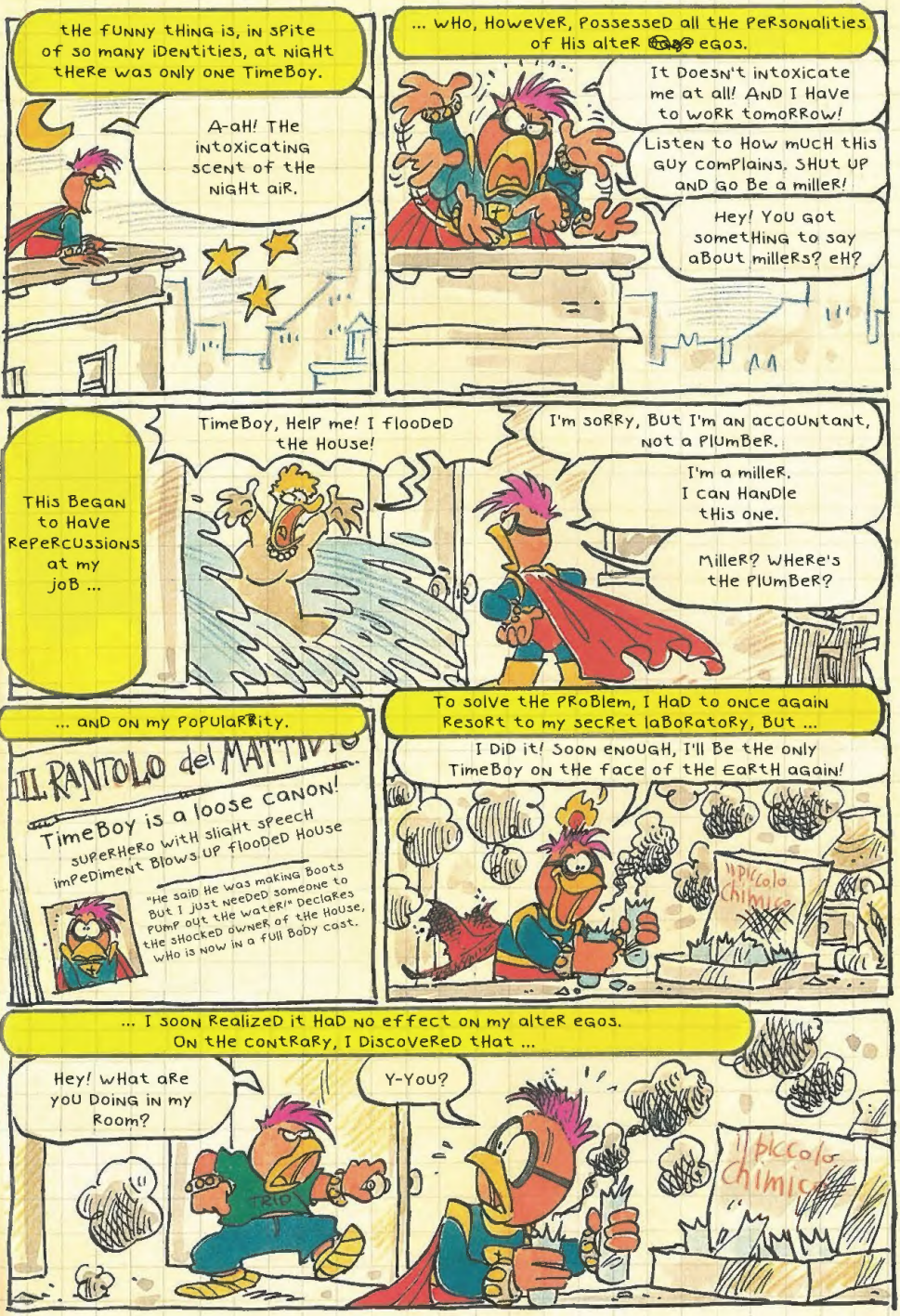
THIS STORY HAS NO PROLOGUE, THAT'S WHY, FOR THE UNINITIATED, WE HAVE TO EXPLAIN THAT LITTLE TRIP ENJOYS CREATING COMICS OF HIS ALTER EGO...
... TIMEBOY! THAT'S ME! HERE I AM, SPREAD OUT ON A SHEET OF PAPER. HOW'S IT GOING, CAPTION?
UM! GOOD ...
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? USUALLY YOU OPEN MY STORIES WITH JOKES LIKE: "WHO AM I? I AM YOUR CREATOR, BLAH BLAH BLAH..."
WELL, I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT TODAY, I'M GONNA GO INTO MY LITTLE RECTANGLE NOW.
CAPTION, I BARELY RECOGNIZE YOU ANYMORE. YOU ENTERED YOUR OWN NARRATIVE SPACE all BY YOURSELF? YOU SEEM DOWN ...
I HAVE A PROBLEM I WANT TO TALK ABOUT, TIMEBOY. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE.
LET'S SAY I HAVE TO HIDE SOMETHING FROM SOMEONE. THE PROBLEM IS THAT IT'S SOMETHING THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO HIDE.
THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN'T BE COVERED UP, CAPTION. LOOK AT ME. I HAVE TO CONSTANTLY HIDE MY TRUE IDENTITY!
AH! AND YOU NEVER TAKE OFF THE MASK?
NEVER EVER, BECAUSE I'M A REAL SUPERHERO.
AND ALSO BECAUSE I FORGOT WHO MY TRUE IDENTITY IS!

Seriously? How can you forget yourself?
It's easier than you think. Just start drawing and I'll tell you a sad story.
You're too bulky, you take up almost the entire frame. You'll have to get used to talking in here.
Another rectangle? Forget that! I prefer an ellipse. It's much more elegant.
It all started at the beginnning of my career. At that time, my alter ego was a tough guy.
I didn't do anything, dad. I deny everything, dad. It wasn't me, dad.
No more stories. this is the last time you're missing school. Go to your room and try not to break anything.
It's not fair, dad. You're cruel, dad. I'm hungry, dad.
T-CLANK
You can't lock me in here, dad. This is the time when TimeBoy does his nightly patrol, dad.
The situation was unsustainable. I was a superhero, I had a commitment to the public.
Hello, am I speaking to the residence of Malefico Paltaface? It's TimeBoy, sir. I need to postpone my final confrontation with your son.
The time had come to resolve the situation, once and for all.
It's clear that a double identity isn't enough, I'll have to create more!
TB PHONE
TRIP

I DeciDeD to RetouCH my time, UsiNG my PoweRs aND my secRet laBoRatoRy.
By sHiftiNG my PeRsoNal time aND makiNG PaRallel UniVeRses PeRPeNDicULaR ...
Il piccolo chimico
tHe ResUlt was ...
KA-BOOOM
Is eVeRytHiNG alRiGHt, soN?
Of coURse, DaD! YoU HaVe iNSURance, RiGHt DaD?
like eVeRy NiGHt, I eNDeD UP iN tHe emeRGeNCy Room. By NOW I KNew all tHe DoctoRs, exCePt foR oNe.
aND yet, yoU HaVe a familiaR face.
YoURs, oN tHe otHeR HaND, is completely toasteD. We'll HaVe to PUt a cast oN it.
EeeH?! I oNly HaVe a few sCRatCHes! WHat kiND of DoctoR aRe yoU?
SHHH! HelP me oUt HeRe. BeiNG a DoctoR is a fake PRofession to HiDe my Real iDeNtity.
AND so, I UNDeRstooD. I HaD cReateD my alteR ego, WHo WoRKeD oN His own.
I DoN't KNow. THat GUy, He DiDN't exaGGeRate?
MMMH, MH ! *
PRONTO SOCCORSO
* TRanslation: "yoU tHiNK so, DaD?"

THE SITUATION WAS STARTING TO GET COMPLICATED, SO I DECIDED TO GO BACK TO TECHNO SCHOOL.
BUT YOU'RE ME! YOU'RE NOT THE REGULAR SCHOOL BUS DRIVER?
QUIET! DO YOU WANT TO RUIN MY SECRET IDENTITY?
Scuolabus
BUT YOU AT LEAST KNOW HOW TO DRIVE?
OF COURSE. WATCH THIS. IF I CAN JUST REACH THE PEDALS ...
ONLY THEN DID I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION.
MMMH MH, MH MMH MH MMMH?*
MMMH MMMH.**
PRONTO SOCCORSO
TRANSLATION: *"DO YOU THINK THE PLASTER WAS REALLY NECESSARY?" **"STAY AWAY FROM ME."
THERE WERE A FEW MORE TIMEBOY ALTER EGOS AROUND, BUT I HAD NO IDEA HOW MANY THERE WERE.
SO, DO YOU WANT MASHED POTATOES OR SURPRISE SOUP?
THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING INSIDE THE SOUP.
IT'S THE SURPRISE.
POTATOES!


We all recognized the circumstances immediately, but we had to make the best of a bad situation ...
What are you, twin brothers?
No, in fact I'll take the soup.
Me too.
me too.
Me too.
me too.
I want potatoes!
Ah, finally someone who wants the potatoes.
Please excuse me. I have a slight speech impediment. I meant to say, me too.
We tried our best to go unnoticed ...
This seat is mine!
No! mine!
mine!
mine!
mine!
mine!
mine!
In the end, we decided to introduce ourselves. We discovered that each of us was doing a different activity ...
I'm a student for life.
I'm the manager of a company.
I'm a miller.
I'm a plumber.
I do card tricks.
I work in a boot factory.
Boots? That's an interesting job.
I have one in my pocket. Do you wanna see it?
Mh mMmtt mMmh Mtt MMmtt, Mh? Mmmtt mh mh MMmtt Mmh Mh mMmtt Mmh Mh! *
Mh mh mMmtt mMmh mtt MMh.**
Mmmtt Mh Mh mtt mtt mh MMmtt?***
PRONTO SOCCORSO
Translation: *"a slight speech impediment, eh? I hope I didn't create any more idiots like you!" **"Now I understand. You said bomb, not boot." ***"Did you see what a funny face that doctor had?"


The funny thing is, in spite of so many identities, at night there was only one TimeBoy.
A-ah! The intoxicating scent of the night air.
... who, however, possessed all the personalities of his alter egos.
It doesn't intoxicate me at all! And I have to work tomorrow!
Listen to how much this guy complains. Shut up and go be a miller!
Hey! You got something to say about millers? eh?
This began to have repercussions at my job ...
TimeBoy, help me! I flooded the house!
I'm sorry, but I'm an accountant, not a plumber.
I'm a miller. I can handle this one.
Miller? Where's the plumber?
... and on my popularity.
Il Rantolo del Mattino
TimeBoy is a loose canon!
superhero with slight speech impediment blows up flooded house
"He said he was making boots but I just needed someone to pump out the water!" declares the shocked owner of the house, who is now in a full body cast.
To solve the problem, I had to once again resort to my secret laboratory, but ...
I did it! Soon enough, I'll be the only TimeBoy on the face of the earth again!
Il piccolo chimico
... I soon realized it had no effect on my alter egos. On the contrary, I discovered that ...
Hey! What are you doing in my room?
Y-you?
Il piccolo chimico

WHat's GOING ON, SON? WHo is tHis INDiViDUal?
I DON't KNOW, DaD. SENd Him away, DaD. fULfill YOUR Role as a PaRENT, DaD.
AN EGO IN a Haystack. fINDING myself SOON PROVED to Be an imPOSSiBle task. WHo was I? a lawyeR? a PlUmBeR?
I'm SORRY, Boy, BUT tHeRe's only Room at tHis mill foR ONE milleR.
to fiND myself agaIN, I eVEN WENT to a famOUS monK in TiBet. BUT it was all in VAIN.
I'm SORRY, Boy, BUT HeRe in TiBet tHeRe is only Room foR ONE Holy monK.
.. aND SO, NOW YOU KNOW WHY I always weaR tHis mask.
INCREDiBle. aND WHat Do YOU Do WHEN YOU'Re off-DUty?
DIY. aRtistic Passtimes. I'm GETTING PRetty GOOD at SCULPTING in PlasteR.
MmmH...
LET'S GET TO THE POINT HERE. WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM? WHAT IS IT THAT YOU CAN'T HIDE?
JUST FORGET IT. I HAVE TO PUT AN END TO THIS ABSURD STORY.

I DON'T NEED TIMEBOY TO HELP ME, BUT A GENIUS IDEA. MY FATHER IS ALMOST HOME.
WHEN HE SEES THIS BLACK EYE, THERE'S GONNA BE TROUBLE. I PROMISED HIM I WOULD BE GOOD.
HE'S NEVER GONNA GIVE ME A NEW CHRONOSAIL WRISTBAND, AND NOW HE'S GONNA THINK MY WORD IS AS VALUABLE AS THIS WASTE PAPER...
STRAP
HEY, TRIP. WHEN I TRAVEL I TEND TO LOSE TRACK OF TIME. ARE WE ALREADY AT CARNIVAL?
MMMH, MH!
HE USED TO WALK AROUND THE HOUSE DRESSED AS A SUPERHERO. NOW HE'S A MUMMY MADE OF WASTE PAPER. I HOPE HE'S NOT HAVING IDENTITY PROBLEMS.
AND THEY SAY THAT COMICS AREN'T EDUCATIONAL!
Fine